JIMMY. Villian!!
VILLIAN. *(Stopping.)* Yeah?!?
JIMMY. I'm glad you found me.
VILLIAN. Aw … *(Leaving, to herself.)* "I'm glad you found me," that's adorable … *(Music. Looks like Jimmy might stay. Maybe he's a little glad. He sits back down, maybe deals with his tattooed forearm in some way. Lights fade. Transitional aurora. End of "Sad and Glad." After the lights have faded and "Sad and Glad" is over, we begin Scene Three, which is entitled …*

MARVALYN (WOMAN)
STEVE (MAN)

THIS HURTS

Music fades. Lights come up on a woman finishing up ironing a man's clothes, in the laundry room of Ma Dudley's Boarding House in Almost, Maine. A man is sitting on a bench. The woman starts folding the man's shirt she was ironing, but thinks better of it, and instead, deliberately crumples it, and throws it into her laundry basket. She picks up the iron, wraps the cord around it, preparing to put it away. As she does so, she burns herself on it.

WOMAN. Ow! Dammit! *(The man takes note of this and writes "iron" in a homemade book labeled "Things That Can Hurt You." Meanwhile, the woman has exited to return the iron to its proper place. She returns to deal with the ironing board, which also must be returned to its proper place — the same place she just brought the iron. After folding up the ironing board, she turns to exit and accidentally wallops the man in the head with the ironing board, knocking him off the bench he was sitting on.)* Oh, no! I'm sorry! I'm sorry! Oh … I didn't see you, are you okay?!?
START
MAN. *(Unfazed.)* Yeah.
WOMAN. No you're not!! I smashed you with the ironing board, I wasn't even looking! Are you hurt?
MAN. No.
WOMAN. Oh, you must be!! I just *smashed* you! Where did I get you?
MAN. In the head.

WOMAN. In the head!?! Oh, *(Going to him.)* come here, are you okay?
MAN. Is there any blood?
WOMAN. No.
MAN. Any discoloration?
WOMAN. No.
MAN. Then I'm okay.
WOMAN. Well, I'm gonna go get you some ice.
MAN. No. I can't feel things like that.
WOMAN. Like what?
MAN. Like when I get smashed in the head with an ironing board. I don't get hurt.
WOMAN. What?
MAN. I can't feel pain.
WOMAN. Oh, Jeezum Crow *(Say, "JEE-zum CROW" — it's a euphemism.)*, what the hell have I done to you? >
MAN. Nothin' —
WOMAN. You're talkin' loopy, listen to you, goin' on about not being able to feel pain, that's delusional, I've knocked the sense right outta ya!
MAN. No, I'm okay.
WOMAN. Shh! Listen: I was gonna be a nurse, so I know: You're hurt. You just took a good shot right to the head, and that's serious.
MAN. No, it's not serious. I don't think an ironing board could really hurt your head, 'cause, see, *(Forcing his "Things That Can Hurt You" book on her.)* ironing boards aren't on my list of things that can hurt you, >
WOMAN. *(Dealing with his book.)* What is — ?
MAN. plus, there's no blood or discoloration from where I got hit, so … >
WOMAN. Well, you can be hurt and not be bleeding or bruised —
MAN. And my list is pretty reliable, 'cause my brother Paul is helping me make it, and I can prove it to you: See, I bet if I took this ironing board, like this, and hit you with it, that it wouldn't hurt you *(He smashes her in the head with the ironing board.)*, see?, // that didn't hurt.
WOMAN. OW!! *(Scrambling to get away from him.)*
MAN. Oh!
WOMAN. Ow! What the hell was that?! // Why did you do that?
MAN. Oh! I'm sorry. // Did that hurt?
WOMAN. God!

MAN. Oh, it did, didn't it?
WOMAN. Ow!
MAN. Oh, I didn't think it would 'cause, see, ironing boards are not on my list of things that can hurt you, but, gosh, maybe they should be on my list, because —
WOMAN. What are you talkin' about?
MAN. I have a list of things that can hurt you, my brother Paul is helping me make it, and ironing boards aren't on it.
WOMAN. Well, that ironing board hurt me.
MAN. Yeah.
WOMAN. So you should add it to your list.
MAN. Yeah. *(Beat. He adds "ironing boards" to his list of "Things That Can Hurt You." He then picks up a book labeled "Things to Be Afraid Of.")* Should I be *afraid* of ironing boards?
WOMAN. Well, if someone swings it at your head and wallops you with it, yes …
MAN. Well, it's not — I have a list of things to be afraid of, too — and ironing boards are not on this list either.
WOMAN. Well they shouldn't be, really.
MAN. No?
WOMAN. No, you shouldn't be *afraid* of ironing boards.
MAN. No?
WOMAN. No.
MAN. But they can *hurt* you.
WOMAN. Yeah.
MAN. So I should be *afraid* of them.
WOMAN. No.
MAN. So I *shouldn't* be afraid of them?
WOMAN. Right.
MAN. But they can *hurt* me.
WOMAN. Well, if they're used the way you used it, yeah.
MAN. Oh-oh-oh! So, they're kind of like the opposite of God!
WOMAN. What?
MAN. Well, ironing boards can *hurt* me, but I shouldn't be *afraid* of them, but God, my brother Paul says, God *won't* hurt me, but I should *fear* him.
WOMAN. I guess.
MAN. Boy, this is getting very complicated.
WOMAN. What is?
MAN. This business of learning what hurts, what doesn't hurt, what to be afraid of, what not to be afraid of.

WOMAN. Are you sure you're okay?, // you're just goin' on and on about crazy stuff —
MAN. Oh, yeah, yeah, see, I have congenital analgesia, he thinks. Some // people —
WOMAN. What?
MAN. Congenital analgesia.
WOMAN. Who thinks?
MAN. My brother Paul. Some people call it hereditary sensory neuropathy type four, but … it just means I can't feel pain. You can hit me if you want to, to see!
WOMAN. No.
MAN. Go ahead. It won't hurt. See? *(He hits his head with the book. Composition books work pretty well, because they make a great sound and don't actually hurt!)*
WOMAN. OW!
MAN. See? *(He hits his head again.)*
WOMAN. OW!
MAN. See? *(Hits his head again.)*
WOMAN. OW!
MAN. Go ahead. *(He offers her the book labeled "Things That Can Hurt You" so she can hit him with it.)*
WOMAN. No!
MAN. Come on!
WOMAN. No!!
MAN. Come on!
WOMAN. NO!!
MAN. Okay. You don't have to. Most people don't. Hit me. Most people just go away. You can go away, too, if you want to. That's what most people do when I tell them about myself. My brother Paul says I just shouldn't tell people about myself, because I scare them, *(Referring to his book labeled "Things to Be Afraid Of" so he can show her.)* so I've actually recently put "myself" on my list of things to be afraid of, but — *(Her curiosity getting the better of her, the woman comes up from behind the man and wallops him on the back of the head with the book labeled "Things That Can Hurt You.")*
WOMAN. Oh, my gosh! I'm sorry! // Oh, my gosh! I just clocked you! >
MAN. You hit me! Most people go away, but you hit me!
WOMAN. I had to *see [what would happen]!* But — are you okay?
MAN. Yeah, I don't feel // pain!
WOMAN. … Don't feel pain, right, of course you're okay! — but